

Not wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
Love sought, is good: but giuen vnfought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistrie be of it, saue I alone.

And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:

To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*:

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward
you.

And. Slight; will you make an Ass of me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
iudgement, and reason.

To. And they haue bene grand Iurie men, since before
Noah was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Luer:
you should then haue accosted her, and with some excel-
lent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bang'd
the youth into dumbnesse: this was look'd for at your
hand, and this was baulke: the double gilt of this oppor-
tunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
like an yficle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do re-
deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
politic.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
politic I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politi-
cian.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him:
hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it,
and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world,
can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,
then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew*.

And. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe:
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
thou'lt him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Mare* in Eng-

land, let 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle-
nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,
no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

To. I haue bene deere to him lad, some two thousand

strong, or so.

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you're

not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on
the youth to an answer. I thinke *Oxen* and waine-ropes
cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd
and you finde so much blood in his Luer, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Maluolio* is tur-
ned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer
beleuee such impossible passages of grossenesse. Hee's in
yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepe a
Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murther-
rer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I drop
to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes,
then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hard-
ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will
strike him: if shee doe, hee'll smile, and take't for a great
faueur.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed Steele) did spur me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your rauell,
Being skilless in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and inhospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Antonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrent pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame

That do renowe this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:

I do not without danger walke these streetes.

Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,

I did some seruice, of such note indeede,

That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you flew great number of his people.

Ant. Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell

Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:

It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying

What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake

Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,

For which if I be lapst in this place

I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,

In the South Suburbs at the Elephant

Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy

You haue desire to purchase: and your store

I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you

For an houre.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is sad, and ciuill,

And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,

Where is *Maluolio*?

Mar. He's comming Madame:

But in very strange manner. He is sure possesse Madam,

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile; your La-

dyship were best to haue some guard about you, if hee

come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,

If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.

How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:

This does make some obstruction in the blood:

This crosse-gartering, but what of that?

If it please the eye

Sonnet is: Please o

Mal. Why how

What is the matter

Mal. Not black

legges: It did come

be executed. I th

hand.

Ol. Wilt thou g

Mal. To bed?

Ol. God comfor

kisse thy hand so of

Mar. How do

Maluo. At you

Yes Nightingales a

Mar. Why app

nesse before my La

Mal. Be not af

Ol. What mean

Mal. Some are b

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some arch

Ol. What sayst

Mal. And some

Ol. Heauen rest

Mal. Remember

ings.

Ol. Thy yellow

Mal. And with

Ol. Crosse garte

Mal. Go too, t

Ol. Am I made

Mal. If not, let

Ol. Why this is

Ser. Madame,

Orsino's return'd, I

attends your Ladysh

Ol. Ile come to

Good *Maria*, let th

Cosine *Toby*, let fo

of him, I would no

my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do

man then sir *Toby* to

ly with the Letter, f

appeare stubborn t

the Letter. Cast th

sire with a Kinsman,

langer with argum

tricke of singularity

manner how: as a f

rongue, in the habit

I haue lymde her, bu

thankfull. And wh

low be look'd too:

degre, but Fellow,

that no dramme of a

obstacle, no incredu

can be faide? Nothi

me, and the full prof

is the doer of this, a

Enter To